

The CAMPAIGN

WHEN People find their Money spent,
They recollect which way it went,
The like in order to prevent
for th' Future.

That Money's spent I need not tell,
For what I know not very well,
Unless to make Folks to Rebel

or Tutor.

But least you think it spent in vain,
And of our Hero's Acts complain,
I will describe this last Campaign

in Flanders.

With *Treasure*, *Ships*, and *Arms* good store
To make the *French* (as we be) poor,
He did embark with many more

Commanders.

While Cares were fighting in his Breast,
And nothing left (but *Wife*) unprest,
He took, not staying to be blest,

his Ark Sir.

Hastning to make some work for Verse,
Fit for dull *Dutchmen* to rehearse,
Where *Wis* and *Courage* are so scarce;

d'ye mark Sir.

He was no sooner set on shore,
When News came Post that *Luxembur*^d
Had actually besieged *Namur*,

nigh *Liege* Sir.

This *Action* put him in amaze,
Fearing if he should make *delays*,
It would be difficult to raise

the Siege Sir.

With that he Muster'd all his Force,
 Full fourscore thousand Foot and Horse,
 That never flinch'd or hung an Arse
 when fighting.

And march'd away with Noble Train;
 But all Endeavours prov'd in vain,
 There were such Storms of Thunder, Rain,
 and Lightning.

The filthy Season made him freeze;
 Not that he fear'd the French a bitt;
 But that it was such plaguy wet
 raw Weather.

We boldly view'd their dirty Passes,
 And strong Retrenchments where no Grass is,
 And so retir'd like driven Asses
 together

For not attempting once to fight,
 Namur was taken in our sight,
 Though from the Town we lay not quite
 a Mile, Sir.

The strength of Flanders so was won,
 And William bravely saw it done,
 And unconcernedly lookt on
 the while, Sir.

The Dutch, who better knew the Land,
 Found it too slippery to stand,
 And therefore would not be trappan'd,
 as we were.

For so to Fight at any rate,
 Without Assurance of their Fate,
 Or a respect to Future State,
 is not fair.

Low-Country Courage thus express'd,
 His Highness thought it time to rest,
 And full three Months he took at least
 to do it.

When so refresh'd in haste he rose,
 And Swore, (for 'twas his turn to oppose,
 He'd be reveng'd, and make his Foes
 to rue it.

To carry on this great *Design*,
 Early one Morning very fine,
 He did *resolve* to force their *Line*
 and Trenches.
 With Swords, and Guns, and Hand-Granadoes,
 He made his way through *Ambuscadoes*,
 And beat down some o'th *Palisadoes*
 of the *Frenches*.

So there began a *warm dispute*,
 The *French* were strong and held him to't;
 For *Æsop* order'd all his Foot
 to draw forth.
 When *Two* Fight, one must always beat,
 'Tis said; but that's a meer *decoit*;
 For *William* only did *retreat*,
 and so forth.

He left indeed Six Thousand Dead,
 At least they were despirited,
 Twelve hundred, some say, were Pris'ners made,
 but I wont.
 The *French* did soon decamp we find,
 As if to Fight no more inclined,
 Leaving the Lord knows what behind;
 for I dont.

What if this great *Attempt* did fail?
 He had another to prevail,
 That Monsieur might his Stars bewail
 with sorrow.
Louis in hopes was made to fly,
 His *Conquests* left to *Will*. to buy;
 To'th *Commonwealth* his *Tyranny*
 to borrow.

'Twas a *Descent*, you understand,
 On the *French* Coasts some Men to Land,
 To rescue Trayters from the hand
 of *Lewis*.

Old Laws of *France* there to restore,
 As *England's* he had done before;
 But some will ha't to break 'em more,
 most true is.

Suppose all Kings alike for ease,
And the Name only not to please,
(Old Things with us are a Disease) 'twere madness;

While Lewis's Glory does Commence,
T'exchange him for a creeping Prince,
'Twould be a vile Affront to sense,
in sadness.

The Ladies would forbid those Acts,
To give away their King of Hearts,
For one of less performing parts
than le Grand.

For One that ha't to show, God knows,
So much to please 'em, as a Nose;
Though it may serve to spight his Foes,
how ere't stand.

But while our Champion was abroad,
Mind how he kept the very Road
He to his Cabinet had show'd
and went in.

To drag our Landmen out to Sea,
To use them ill, and keep their Pay,
Strict Orders coming ev'ry Day
from Benting.

With fifteen thousand Men, and more,
Five hundred Ships to waft them o'er,
With sixty Canons that would roar
like Thunder.

Some fifty Mortars great and small,
Bombs, Carcasses, the Devil and all,
And bloody Threats sent from Whitehall,
you'd wonder.

Spades, Shovels, Pioniers they got,
Guns, Swords, sav'd all since Oates's Plot,
At Bilboa made, if I am not
mistaken;

Bridles and Saddles not a few,
With Harness's for Mankind too,
To shew the French what they must doe,
if raken.

The forty thousand Bills from *Spain*,
Which ne'er till then saw Sun or Rain,
But have in Huggar Muggar lain

fourteen year;

The Pilgrims too, the Voluntiers,
Expected just so many years,
If you'll believe't t'increase *French* Fears,
were seen there.

But above all, they were supplied
With six Months powdred Beef beside,
For fear the *French* should not provide

enough, Sir.

And armed with a pious Zeal
For holy Kirk, and Commonweal,
And Courage true as any Steel,

or Buff, Sir.

This grand Design was deeply laid,
If it be true that People said,
That *Rochell* was to be betraid,

or *Dunkirk*;

Though others said they were to go
In dusk of Night to *St. Malo*,
To burn the Ships, and maul the Foe

with Dungfork.

But some a wiser thing did say,
'Twas farther off into a Bay,
Not far from *Bayonne*, call'd *Biscay*,

nigh *Spaniard*.

To stop our Search an Order came
That none the destin'd Place should name,
But he should streight be hang'd for th' same
at Main yard.

All thus equipt, Wind sitting right,
They hoisted Sail with all their Might,
And safely past the Isle of *Wight*

as can be.

Strange Hopes and Fears did us possess,
To know what would be the Success,
When suddenly came an Express

to *Danby*;

Which brought Advice that *Russel*, he
 With *Leinsters* Duke could not agree ;
 So was our Project utterly

defeated.

To get in Order this Descent
 Four hundred thousand pounds were spent ;
 So you, and not the Government

were cheated.

Thus between *French* that us do *beat*,
 And *Dutch* that *daily* do us *cheat*,
 Our *Grief* and *Ruins* must be *great*,

I fear it.

Issachar's Arms may *ours* be made,
 An *Als* between too Burdens laid,
 To both for being *Jews* betray'd,

you'll Swear it.

Namur we saw to *France* submit,
 At *Steinkirk* flusht into a Net,
 And the Descent proved besht

all over.

His Conquests thus at once your view,
 And how he did his Foes subdue ;
 His Triumphs next I will to you

discover.

But first observe how he return'd !
 Some Paltry Ships that you thought burn'd,
 And *Bees*, with whom to fight he scorn'd,

no wonder.

Met him : But Kings, whose Honour lies
 As his, be not to fight a prize,
 With Folks concern'd in Robberies

and Plunder.

So to escape a Bloody Boot,
 He did take down his Royal Clout,
 Or Flagg, on which it did fall out,

Gaff. *Momus*.

Our King of Bees, then did not fail,
 Although he wears no sting in's Tail,
 And without shifting Hive to Sail,

safe Home to's.

The Tower Guns were all prepar'd,
And Fireworks on Lighters rear'd ;
But what came on 'em I ne'er heard

a *Verbum*.

In Windows most Folks set up Lights,
Excepting sawcy *Jacobites*,
That had their Glazing broke to Rights,

to curb 'em.

First came some Guards to clear the way ;
And next a Squire, with Boots of Hay,
And on a Nag most miserably

Bejaded..

Two Men came next, who cring'd and bow'd,
And humbly did beseech the Crowd,
To make a Noise, and Bawl aloud,

as they did.

Then came a Coach, in which there sat
Four Lords, who went, as People prate,
His Highness to congratulate

and flatter.

Next twenty Mobb, the Chief o'th Town,
In Left hand Club, in Right Hand Stone,
Those Windows which had Candles none

to batter.

Four Horses next a Chariot drew,
In which of *Dutch*-men there sat two,
Whose very looks would make one spew,

as I did.

At last the fierce *Life-guards* appear'd,
Who at the Candles gap'd and star'd :
And thus his Triumphs you have heard

described.

Now judge if he's so fit a Pin
For th'wounded Hole that he is in ;
Or have we cause to chuse again ?

or no, Sir ?

If we to Slavery are born ;
Yet 'tis a Case that's too forlorn,
To serve them, that our Servants scorn,

Itrow, Sir..

But after all it must be said,
 His Conquests were not quite so bad,
 But he those Triumphs merited,
 and more, Sir:
 For sure no Emperor of Rome,
 Nor British King was, I presume,
 With Farthing Candles lighted home
 before, Sir.

FINIS.

